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Title: The Raven - Volume I

Author: Edgar Allen Poe  
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Once upon a midnight  
dreary, while I  
pondered, weak and  
weary,  
Over many a quaint  
and curious volume of  
forgotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly  
napping, suddenly  
there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently  
rapping, rapping at my  
chamber door.  
"Tis some visiter," I  
muttered, "tapping at  
my chamber door  
Only this, and  
nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I  
remember it was in  
the bleak December,  
And each separate  
dying ember wrought  
its ghost upon the  
floor. Eagerly I  
wished the morrow;  
vainly I had tried to  
borrow From my  
books surcease of  
sorrow, sorrow for  
the lost Lenore.  
For the rare and  
radiant maiden whom  
the angels name -  
Lenore .  
Nameless here for  
evermore.

And the silken sad

uncertain rustling of  
each purple curtain  
Thrilled me filled me  
with fantastic terrors  
never felt before;  
So that now, to still the  
beating of my heart, I  
stood repeating  
"Tis some visitor  
entreating entrance at  
my chamber door,  
Some late visitor  
entreating entrance at  
my chamber door;  
This it is, and nothing  
more.  
Presently my soul  
grew stronger;  
hesitating then no  
longer, "Sir," said I, "or  
Madam, truly your  
forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was  
napping, and so gently  
you came rapping,  
And so faintly you  
came tapping, tapping  
at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was  
sure I heard you "  
here I opened wide the  
door;  
Darkness there and  
nothing more.

Deep into that  
darkness peering, long  
I stood there  
wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming  
dreams no mortal ever  
dared to dream before;  
But the silence was  
unbroken, and the  
darkness gave no  
token, And the only  
word there spoken  
was the whispered  
word, "Lenore!"  
This I whispered, and  
an echo murmured  
back the word,  
"Lenore!" Merely  
this, and nothing  
more.

Then into the chamber  
turning, all my soul

within me burning,  
Soon I heard again a  
tapping somewhat  
louder than before.  
"Surely," said I,  
"surely that is  
something at my  
window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what  
thereat is, and this  
mystery explore  
Let my heart be still a  
moment and this  
mystery explore;  
'Tis the wind and  
nothing more!"

Open here I flung the  
shutter, when, with  
many a flirt and  
flutter, In there  
stepped a stately raven  
of the saintly days of  
yore; Not the least  
obeisance made he; not  
an instant stopped or  
stayed he; But, with  
mien of lord or lady,  
perched above my  
chamber door  
Perched upon a bust  
of Pallas just above  
my chamber door  
Perched, and sat, and  
nothing more.

Then this ebony bird  
beguiling my sad  
fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern  
decorum of the  
countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be  
shorn and shaven,  
thou," I said, "art sure  
no craven,  
Ghastly grim and  
ancient raven  
wandering from the  
Nightly shore  
Tell me what thy  
lordly name is on the  
Night's Plutonian  
shore!"  
Quoth the raven  
"Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this

ungainly fowl to hear  
discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer  
little meaning little  
relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help  
agreeing that no  
sublunary being  
Ever yet was blessed  
with seeing bird above  
his chamber door  
Bird or beast upon the  
sculptured bust above  
his chamber door,  
With such name as  
"Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting  
lonely on the placid  
bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if  
his soul in that one  
word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then  
he uttered not a  
feather then he  
fluttered Till I  
scarcely more  
than muttered "Other  
friends have flown  
before On the morrow  
he will leave me, as  
my hopes have flown  
before." Quoth the  
raven "Nevermore".  
Wondering at the  
stillness broken by  
reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I,  
"what it utters is its  
only stock and store  
Caught from some  
unhappy master  
whom unmerciful  
Disaster Followed  
fast and followed  
faster so when Hope  
he would adjure  
Stern Despair  
returned, instead of  
the sweet Hope he  
dared adjure  
That sad answer,  
"Never nevermore".

But the raven still  
beguiling all my sad  
soul into smiling,

Straight I wheeled a  
cushioned seat in  
front of bird, and bust  
and door; Then, upon  
the velvet sinking, I  
betook myself to  
linking Fancy unto  
fancy, thinking what  
this  
yore What this grim,  
ungainly, ghastly,  
gaunt and ominous  
bird of yore Meant in  
croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in  
guessing, but no  
syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose  
fiery eyes now  
burned into my  
bosom's core;  
This and more I sat  
divining, with my  
head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's  
velvet lining that the  
lamp-light gloated  
o'er, But whose velvet  
violet lining with the  
lamp-light gloating  
o'er, She shall press,  
ah, nevermore!  
Then, methought, the  
air grew denser,  
perfumed from an  
unseen censer  
Swung by Angels  
whose faint  
foot-falls tinkled on  
the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy  
God hath lent thee by  
these angels he hath  
sent thee

Respite respite and  
nepenthe, from thy  
memories of Lenore;  
Let me quaff this  
kind nepenthe and  
forget this lost  
Lenore!"

Quoth the raven  
"Nevermore."

Prophet!" said I, "thing

of evil! prophet still,  
if bird or devil!  
Whether Tempter  
sent, or whether  
tempest tossed thee  
here ashore,  
Desolate yet all  
undaunted, on this  
desert land enchanted  
On this home by  
Horror haunted tell  
me truly, I implore  
Is there is there balm  
in Gilead? tell me tell  
me, I implore!"  
Quoth the raven  
"Nevermore."

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Continued in Volume II.

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